CONSTANTINOPLE IN WAR IS A CITY OF SUDDEN ALARMS

Like Life Between Two Octopuses, With Tentacles Drawing Closer, Says American Resident

The following account of Constantinople in war time is given by an American who was in the city during the period of which he writes but who has since come back to this country.

THE ultimate cause as well as the ultimate object of this war is Constantinople. Had Europe settled the status of Constantinople after the war in 1879, as it could have and should have done, the Balkan problem would have been almost entirely removed, and with it the likelihood of such occurrences as the immediate cause for the present war. Similarly, until Constantinople is so disposed of as to be removed from the list of the world's great prizes, to be contested for by any nation who finds it in the pathway to world domination, that superb city will continue to menace Europe with the ghastly prospects of another—perhaps a worse—world war.

The sensation of living in Constantinople during the first year of the war has been like that of floating helplessly within remote reach of two monstrous octopuses. First the tentacles of one and then the tentacles of the other we felt tightening upon us. At present the golden city of the Padishahs is in an inextricable tangle of their folds.

The first touch we felt when on a sultry Sunday afternoon in midsummer came the dull beat of a drum—that peculiar syncopated beat of the Turkish music—accompanied by a hoarse cry of the bekji (watchman) calling to arms the classes of reserves from 25 to 40.

Night and day the call to arms was repeated. Poor wretches—Greeks, Armenians, as well as Turks—were dragged from hiding to serve their dearly hated country. The only escape was by the payment of 43 Turkish liras ($193) for exemption. Some had already paid this sum three times in the last five years.

My cook was one such. He besought me to shield him. So I did until the capitulations that from early Byzantine times have made the foreigner's home in Turkey his castle were suddenly abolished. Then I had to tell the poor fellow that my house was subject to search.

To make the situation more acute that very day the penalty of death was placed upon desertion. Clearly he must give himself up. I offered to pay his exemption, but the time had already elapsed. We parted in an affecting exchange of farewells.

It was something of a shock to me, therefore, when within a week he stood at my door again all smiles. With Levantine shrewdness he had starved himself for several days before surrendering to the authorities—he looked badly enough under the most prosperous conditions—and had no difficulty in proving to the satisfaction of the enlisting officers his unfitness both mental and physical.

He is now cooking again at regular pay and telling what wonders he did while he was in the army.

Not all were so fortunate. It was the evident and very natural purpose of the authorities to force the exemption price from the Christian population wherever possible, and to enlist mostly Mohammedans. Not many were as successful as my cook in evading the regulations.

From the start Germany was in control of the destinies of the unlucky Ottomans. Not, to be sure, without opposition. There was as always much inertia and vacillation to be overcome. In Enver Pasha and Talaat Pasha, Minister of War and Minister of the Interior and by far the most powerful personalities in the empire, Germany had stanch vassals whom she could and did count upon with perfect confidence. From the very first days of the war even the censoring of the news was Germanophile.

Then came the Goeben and Breslau stroke that put the relations between Turkey and Germany beyond doubt. No more cleverly contrived act of diplomacy is conceivable. Baron von Wangerheim, the cool, keen minded, unimpassioned Ambassador of the Kaiser at the Sultan's court, had achieved his masterpiece.

Here were two of the most magnificent fighting craft of the Kaiser's fleet, impaired in power and speed by one of the most sensational escapes in the history of naval warfare and desperately in danger. They must be admitted to harbor in Turkish water without risk of internment. Besides the Turk was under a special obligation not to allow any warship to pass through the Dardanelles. There was one way open, and the German Ambassador saw it—the sale of the ships to Turkey.

There was not the slightest illusion in any one's mind as to the full meaning of this act. If there were any, it was completely dispelled by the retention of the entire German crews and all the officers in full commission on these would-be Turkish ships.

The die had been cast. The signs were set for war. Men high in authority were against such blind folly. England's promise that Turkey's neutrality should be safeguarded and her territorial rights upheld was promise enough. The Sultan and the Crown Prince, it was persistently rumored, were opposed to Enver and his warlike policy. Their influence, however, was powerfully overridden by the war party, who carried the day with a high hand.

Enlistment and German training went on at a frenzied pace. Money was seized by any pretext whatever, as in special war taxes and in the hunting out of the old delinquencies. I knew of some claims presented by the Government for building fees on structures that had stood in the city for half a century. Merchandise of all kinds was seized, including silk brocades and women's silk hose to be used in the army!

There were many interesting rumors in these days. One was that when the poor Sultan was asked to declare war he begged off pitifully, protesting: "You know every time we have tum-de-de-tum" (referring to the beat of the recruiting drum) "we lose much of our land. There was tum-de-de-tum in 1912, and we lost Tripoli; there was tum-de-de-tum in 1913 and we lost Macedonia; now there is tum-de-de-tum again, and this time we may lose everything!"

One fine old gentleman of the truest Turkish type—and let me say that there are still many of them whom the world never hears about—told me the following story to illustrate his understanding of the Black Sea incident.

Once, said he, Nazaredin Hodja (the legendary originator of the Turkish folk lore) was aroused in the night by the sound of quarrelling outside his window. He threw his blanket about him, and in spite of his wife's warnings and protestations he ventured out to learn the cause of the disturbance. He suddenly found himself surrounded by a band of thieves who were quarrelling over a big pile of booty.

Seeing Nazaredin, they left their quarrelling and fell upon him, relieving him of his blanket. He was soon face to face again with his scolding wife. "What are they making all this noise about?" she asked. "About my blanket," was the guilty and sufficient answer.

After many days of delay a timorous, pathetic declaration of war, calling upon Allah for support in repulsing this brutal attack upon an innocent country (a form of utterance which also betrays perhaps a bit of German coloring), was issued with great pomp in the daily papers over the signature of the Sultan, Mehmet V., who was probably the last member of the realm really to desire war. Rumor had it again—and this story I heard from one in very high authority—that Enver in the Cabinet meeting, where the declaration of war was under discussion, drew his revolver—perhaps the same one that in 1913 had sent a bullet through his ill starred rival, Nassim Pasha—and coolly remarked, "I am for war." Thereby the discussion was closed.

No account of these stirring times is complete without some account of the part played by the American Embassy, which was the only one left in the city besides the German with any influence whatever over the Turkish officials—that is, over Enver and Talaat. This influence, too, was due more to Ambassador Morgenthau's own personal friendship and understanding with these men than to any possible fear of American authority.

Long before any war had been dreamed of he had already inspired the Turkish officials with respect and confidence. He had also very soon learned that his only hold upon them was by the Turkish disposition to live up literally to a promise. To their credit he declares that never have they failed him when he has confronted them with a definite promise. His diplomacy, then, has consisted very largely in foreseeing what promises might be needed and in exacting them in time to establish a rule of conduct.

Never was he seen to better advantage than at the very time of which I have just been speaking, when the break with the Entente Powers had been completed, and when the embassies and colonies were in precipitate flight. He himself had procured from Talaat Bey, Minister of the Interior, promise of a train to convey the embassies and many French, English and Belgian refugees to the outer world.

He was at the station about an hour before the appointed time of departure attending to all the details in person. For several weeks this was his practice at every train leaving the capital with any of his charges aboard. This was the first special evening train he had arranged for.

The anxiety among the English had become intense, and they had flocked to the station in far greater numbers than had been expected. The embassies, also, were there in full force. Just as the bustle was at its height, the announcement came that no train would be allowed to leave that night by order of the military authorities.

The consternation that followed was indescribable. Added to the usual crush and disorder of a crowded Turkish railway station, the announcement precipitated a veritable panic. There was but one hope—Mr. Morgenthau. His genial and reassuring personality was everywhere in evidence and all sufficient.

Without a moment's delay he called up the Sublime Porte by telephone—a procedure, I am told, which he alone among the Ambassadors at the Porte has the simple democracy to employ—and demanded a talk with Enver himself. "If the train that was promised me does not leave this station at the time you promised"—this was about the wording of his curt address—"you stand in danger of losing about the only friend you have left among the embassies of this city."

The train left at the appointed time. But Mr. Morganthau did not rest content with this simple service. He was tireless in his efforts to help the distracted people, who were beside themselves with the dramatic intensity of their departure.

He was seen lifting babies over the rail to their frantic mothers, and, to crown all, when every one was aboard and the train about to depart, he had a box of Turkish candies ready for every woman and child in the English, French and Belgian communities. Is it hardly a wonder that he—an American—should be openly praised in the British Parliament? For once Americanism was understood and appreciated in Europe.

War was now afoot. Still the German octopus showed no slackening of his folds. The most humorously typical act was to follow—the declaration of Djihad—the holy war! In the grand, but absurd German plan, all the Mussulman world was to rise and join with fury this splendid crusade for the spread of his pan-Islamic Majesty the German Emperor's military power. They had counted without the Oriental's subtlety.

"Holy war!" a distinguished Turk said to me in disgust, "how can it be holy war when we are fighting for one set of Christians against another, with the certainty of losing ourselves whatever happens?"

One violent effort was made to appeal to the Islamic imagination. A monstrous parade of the faithful was announced. Although it dwindled to a disordered march of some thousand Ottomans, it was still a memorable spectacle.

The march was typically Oriental—a wild, disorderly, huddled rush, with vast massings of blood bright banners, covered with crescents and holy calls to war against the infidel. Side by side with these—could anything be more grotesque?—were groupings of the colors and emblems of the Teutonic empires.

The spectacle that remains most vividly symbolic in my memory was that of the head and shoulders of a Persian raised high by the supporting hands of a band of his fellow countrymen. His face and hair were a mass of clotted gore from the slashing of the sabre which he brandished savagely in the air, cutting himself and those about him in frenzied rage of holy zeal. This was the one sincere note in the procession. His country had known the soulless duplicity of two members of the Entente!

As the procession passed me and disappeared over the bridge across the Golden Horn I could still see the flashes of his sabre and hear his loud voice, loud with the cry of the Djihad, the Holy War. So the procession passed—sullen, savage, torrent like, as if to hurl itself against terrific odds and to win by frightfulness. It passed through throngs of fixed and sober faces, but hardly an acclaim of enthusiasm greeted the demonstration. There could be little doubt that its object, the stirring of the Islamic population to frenzied enthusiasm for the war, had not been attained.

Almost as if conscious of its fruitlessness, the mob at length degenerated into a frenzied riot. Upon seeing a sign "English Fabrics" in a store window the procession broke and sacked the store of the offending merchant, who, as irony would have it, proved to be an Austro-Hungarian subject! Other merchants soon heard of the rushing destruction and closed their shops.

But who would have expected the mad rush to descend upon a restaurant? Perhaps it was because only this remained open along the line of march. Tokatlian's famous refectory, the pride of Pera, was doomed. Here again the irony of the act lay in the fact that although the owner was later found to have been a Russian subject the restaurant itself was the resort of Turkish officialdom and especially of the army officers and of their German advisers. Its mirrors, its stained glass, its ferneries, its pictured tilings were smashed beyond recognition. And this, so far as I know, was the only serious result of the holy war!

It was not until February that the tentacles from the great rival octopus made themselves felt. All winter ships of the allied fleet had kept guard over the entrance of the Dardanelles. At last the long expected blow came. Tons of gun iron were hurled upon the Turkish forts. Although it was persistently denied that any damage had been done no one believed the Government's reports.

To reassure the populace Enver urged Mr. Morgenthau to accompany him on a tour of inspection at the Dardanelles. It was clear that Mr. Morgenthau was impressed and that he was convinced that the fleet's attack was in vain—as, indeed, it was soon proved to be by the disaster of February 18, when the Bouvet was sunk by Turkish shell fire in a spectacular manner, and when several of the English vessels were seriously damaged.

It was a long time before the population would believe that such a success had really been attained. Indeed there was great surprise even in high Turkish circles. For the first time since the declaration of war a sense of relief came over the Turkish people. The great Von der Goltz Pasha had declared that although in October the straits could easily have been forced they were now impassable.

There can be little doubt that the many reports of serious friction and even open clash between Turkish and German authorities were true. That Turkish officers, as well as men, resented the rigid German methods I know for a certainty from many members of the Turkish army with whom I talked personally.

Two types of humanity more completely incompatible it is hard to imagine. The suave Turk with his polished gentlemanliness, his leisurely, fatalistic conception of life, keen sense of humor and love of inaction, had nothing whatever in common with his intolerant, self-confident, burly and often harshly discourteous superiors. The Turks must have exasperated the Germans beyond endurance, and similarly the Germans must have stirred the bitterest resentment and hate among the rank and file of the army. If it had not been for Enver's quick and uncompromising support of the German officers and the imposing spectacle of the Goeben and Breslau patrolling the water of the beautiful Bosporus it is highly probable that Germany would not be in control at Constantinople to-day.

When at last the first serious attack of the English by land as well as by sea was reported rumors of a complete breaking down of the Turkish resistance and an immediate entry within of the English spread through the city like fire. The utter folly of such expectations is now clear, but at that time it was a small minority in the city that did not look for an immediate surrender.

Enver and his party, however, had splendid confidence in their ultimate success. To restore the public confidence they staged one of the most elaborate spectacles that had been seen in the city since the days of Abdul Hamid, the occasion of the crowning of the Ghazi, or victor.

The first news was that a feeble attack had been made, but that the Turks without difficulty in a splendid counter attack had "pushed the enemy into the sea." There was no little truth in this report. At any rate, the populace must be made to feel that a glorious victory had been achieved. The poor old Sultan was to be crowned victor, the man, who less, perhaps, than any other in the Government, had been concerned in whatever had been accomplished by the Ottoman armies.

In regal state he was conveyed—sleepy, lethargic, obese—by boat and carriage from his palace at Dolma Baghche to the great Mosque of Saint Sophia. The pageant that was prepared to give dignity to the occasion was a flash of the old glory of the Ottomans—faint, to be sure, in comparison with an ordinary church going of the great tyrant, Abdul Hamid, but still resplendent. Well uniformed soldiers—a rare sight now on the Turkish capital—lined the streets and marched in German fashion, interspersed with bands and squadrons of cavalry.

In carriages just behind the Sultan were the members of the War Ministry, most refulgent of whom was the Sheik-ul-Islam, in gorgeous priestly robes, who rode side by side with Said Pasha, the Grand Vizier, whose gold lace and princely bearing were hardly less impressive. It was difficult to think of these as really nonentities in comparison with the modestly attired Enver and Talaat, who rode in separate unostentatious carriages.

The object of the whole display was to inspire the waning faith in the efficacy of the old Ottoman machine, religious and secular—hence this strange emphasis. In the aigrettes and coats of red and gold which adorned the Sultan's bodyguard and the general magnificence of the procession the glory of old was once again made vivid to Ottoman eyes. Not least impressive in the line of march were a half dozen carriages of neatly bandaged soldiers, wounded in the glorious victory which was the reason for this display.

The one entirely ineffective feature of the parade was its centre, the Ghazi, the victor, the Sultan himself. Not all this pomp could possibly have convinced the most credulous that this flabby mass of inertia was the glorious victor he was meant to appear.

There was a still more ironical contrast on this day of days. As I turned from the scene of the pageant into the by streets leading to my home I came upon thousands of wretched wounded soldiers being dragged to hospitals in every conceivable kind of vehicle. The agony of battle was on their faces and their bandages were foul with days of neglect in transportation.

The activity in preparation for battle had been so great that the consequences of battle had hardly been provided for. The thousands of wounded that now streamed into the city as rapidly as they could be brought in crowded transports greatly overtaxed the inadequate accommodations that had been prepared.

Schools and barracks were quickly converted for the needs of the hour and many of these, as may be supposed, were in a bad sanitary condition. For several days there was almost a total absence of proper bandages, antiseptics and dressing cotton. These wants, however, were quickly supplied. The American and German Red Cross helped, and hundreds of the foreign population, as well as prominent Turks, gave their time and services as well as money to gather the needed supplies. All social gatherings were turned into bandage rollings, and all entertainments were for the benefit of the Red Cross or the Red Crescent.

From the almost total absence of supplies among the Turks there is every reason to suppose that the vast sums that had been raised for the Red Crescent had either been grossly mismanaged or at least misappropriated for munitions rather than for means of mercy.

For days I worked personally among the wounded. Poor fellows! No one could say enough in praise of their fortitude and powers of endurance. Only in the very worst cases was any form of anæsthetic used. I saw one fine manly fellow submit to six painful dressings, including one for a scalp wound of three shrapnel grooves, one for a broken and pierced arm, one for a perforated cheek and another for a deep infected thigh wound. The doctor treated this thigh last.

Three or four times he ran the probe, wound with absorbent gauze and dipped in iodine, into the ragged bullet hole for four or five inches. Tears came to the poor fellow's eyes and his face grew pale, but there was never a sound of impatience from those tightly closed lips. This was no exception. Thousands of such sufferers passed us courageously each day.

Photo of Enver Pasha by Underwood & Underwood.

Turkish artillery in the streets of Constantinople. Above—Left, the Sultan. Righ, Enver Pasha.

More Thoughtful Turks and Even Sultan Himself Said to View Victory of Either Side With Dread

ANARCHY IN MEXICO CITY DESCRIBED BY AMERICAN RESIDENT THERE

The writer of the following article is an American who has been in business in Mexico city for some years and who has just returned to this country. In it he describes conditions as they exist to-day in the Mexican capital, and as he personally observed them.

By C. W. ROBINSON.

THERE is liberty in Mexico to-day for a possible 150,000 so-called revolutionists. Robbery, assassination and destruction are everywhere. Kindness in Mexico is rewarded by unfaithfulness; appreciation is unknown; politeness a veneer; force alone controls.

Mexican history is a record of ambitious leaders. An iron dictator maintained peace for thirty years and sustained an era of artificial prosperity for one-fifth and of total ignorance, slavery and depravity for four-fifths of his countrymen. The civilized world's contribution at that time toward the material welfare of that unhappy country is now being rapidly destroyed.

Five years ago November marked the beginning of the process. The emblem of democracy, fraternity and liberty carried by all revolutionists is a hollow mockery. Several generations of powerful control, forced education and greater opportunity might prepare the lowly peon (constituting 80 per cent. of the race) for self-government.

A year ago marked the beginning of serious times for Mexico city, the beautiful capital of the nation. To-day it is starving, unable to assist itself or receive assistance from without to any material extent.

The following is only a brief sketch of some of the more important events that have occurred and are occurring there to-day:

The country is overrun by bands masquerading as revolutionists who claim to-day to be Carranzistas, to-morrow Villistas, later Zapatistas, or any other 'ista in whose section of the country they may find themselves. With the exception of the main armies composing the nucleus of one faction or the other, there is practically no control over these so-called soldiers. Insubordination is so prevalent in the larger bodies of soldiers as to make their presence a menace to peaceful citizens.

Gen. Venustiano Carranza fled from Mexico city upon the approach of Francisco Villa and his army last November, after the so-called convention, which had been held in Aguascalientes, broke up in a row. Gen. Villa entered Mexico city at that time with about 40,000 men, mostly border rangers and northern men, together with some 10,000 Zapatistas who joined him.

Gen Gutierrez was president of the convention in Aguascalientes previous to its suspension in that city, and upon the entry of the Villistas and Zapatistas into Mexico city the convention was reconvened in the halls of Congress of the nation, Gen. Gutierrez remaining as president. Carranza moved his capital to Vera Cruz, where up to the latest reports he personally resides.

Early in January the president of the convention in Mexico city, Gen. Gutierrez separated himself and about 5,000 men from the Villista and Zapatista faction, whom he at that time presided over, and went north, taking with him as well some 10,000,000 pesos of Villa money, thus splitting up that faction. Gen. Roque Gonzalez Garza was immediately named by the convention to assume the presidency of this faction, and only praise should be extended him for his earnest efforts toward establishing peace and order; he gained the entire approval of foreigners and the better thinking Mexicans by his actions.

His administration, however, could endure but a short time, as unfortunately this well intentioned man was surrounded by an element with which he could not cope single handed. At one time a strenuous effort was made by Gen. Barona and his following, who were quartered in the Hotel Iturbide, to assassinate President Gonzalez Garza. After a drunken carousal in a dance hall Gen. Barona with his men rode at 4 A. M. to the Hotel Lascarain, where the President was sleeping, and attacked it with vigor. A lively fight followed, in which President Gonzalez Garza valiantly took part, rifle in hand. Only three or four of the defenders were killed, whereas some forty of the attackers met this fate. Their defeat was so decisive that they made a hasty exit from the city, retiring to the hills.

Not long after the convention controlled by unworthy men replaced President Gonzalez Garza by Gen. Lagos Chazaro, who continued to act as president of the convention in Mexico city until the most recent departure of his faction to the hills.

The financial situation in Mexico could not be worse. All money, either coin or bank bills, which formerly circulated, has been withdrawn and hoarded. The only money which is in circulation is the printed issues of one faction or the other. There are scores of different kinds of currency issued in various parts of the country by one chief or the other, without reserve back of it, and forced into circulation by the presence of the military desiring its circulation.

Upon a change of government, that is to say the retiring of one faction and the entrance of another into a section, the money left behind in the hands of the public by the retiring faction becomes useless. New paper is distributed for circulation by the temporarily victorious force. Mexico city has changed hands six times during the past year, each time with increasing difficulties in this particular, as the amount of money printed has reached hundreds and hundreds of millions.

Transportation does not exist except where military authorities choose to use the rolling stock still undestroyed for that purpose. Trains are run for weeks at a time in some sections of the country; others run only at rare intervals, owing to the impossibility of obtaining fuel or to the destruction of the right of way.

For six months Mexico city has been practically isolated from the world. The Carranzistas carried off all available rolling stock on hand belonging to several railroads. Upon the retirement of the Villistas early in the spring they took with them all they had brought down, plus all which they could confiscate from the Zapatista faction, which had brought it from the State of Morelos and other States to the south of the capital.

There has been no opportunity to import anything into Mexico city since before the occupation of Vera Cruz by the American troops. A few cars of merchandise did reach Mexico city last February, when it was in the control of Gen. Obregon, in command of the army of the Carranzista faction. This merchandise was not, however, of any special use to the public at that time. As all transportation in and out of the city had ceased to exist in every other direction the situation rapidly became serious.

What has been said in reference to importation applies equally well to exportation. It is known that some shipments were made to the United States from Mexico city via Vera Cruz. These shipments consisted of hides which had been purchased at a ridiculously low figure in Mexican money and were permitted to pass into the United States through Vera Cruz by the Carranzistas, in order that the enormous export duty payable in Mexican gold coin might be realized, as well as the very high freight rates charged, not to mention graft on the part of officials for permitting them to pass over the railroad at all. The way bills for such freight shipments are sometimes shown by one military faction or the other in order to demonstrate to investigators that their railroads are doing business. The real situation is easily ascertained.

From the port of Vera Cruz the Carranzista faction has shipped enormous quantities of foodstuffs, such as beans, corn, cattle, &c., to the United States in order to obtain a much greater profit and thus establish a credit in this country for purchasing arms and ammunition. Could a more deplorable situation be met with anywhere?

Mail service into Mexico city has been almost entirely non-existent since the 29th day of January last. Upon an urgent appeal made by all foreigners in that city to Gen. Carranza in Vera Cruz to permit mail to come through during February, while his forces were in control, he replied by ordering the general post office of the nation closed. The writer failed to receive a reply to any letter written from Mexico city to the United States dated after January 4.

Owing to great effort on the part of the diplomatists it has been possible to get mail in and out through the use of their private mail pouches, these bags being carried from Mexico city to Puebla by automobile. This automobile service finally became the regular thing, although very expensive and dangerous; in fact, the man making these trips was finally shot through the leg. Mail has been detained in Vera Cruz arbitrarily for the past six or eight months. Many letters have been opened. The great majority of letters which have been mailed from this country to Mexico city will probably never be found.

Owing to the conditions already explained, commerce and industry are at a standstill.

Civil courts and civil government have long ceased to be; conditions are altered from day to day by arbitrary military decrees. The finest residences belonging to wealthy Mexicans have been confiscated and used for barracks. Automobiles are taken everywhere, as they form a very convenient means of transportation for officers, who form a large proportion of the military.

General looting goes on unchecked where it concerns the interests of those temporarily in power. The Mexico City Light and Power Company, which also controls the tramway service, long ago ceased to be run under its own management. Labor unions have been encouraged with the idea of obtaining recruits by this means for the army.

Police protection is a myth. The police are there, but are the last appealed to in case of trouble. For many months it has been very unsafe to be on the street after dark. Holdups by military men and common thieves are so numerous as to cause all careful people to stay at home.

The writer witnessed from his own window a holdup carried out by three uniformed policemen, who took from a well dressed Mexican civilian all he possessed in money and jewels at the point of their pistols. This occurred at 6 o'clock in the morning in full daylight. Later in the same day one of these policemen shot and killed a Spanish grocer within a few doors from the scene of the holdup, without any other provocation than a disinclination on the part of the grocer to serve the policeman with a drink, which a military order actually prohibited him from doing.

The street lighting long ago became deficient owing to the shortage of carbons for the arc lamps and fully half the time there is no light whatever at night on the streets. The tramway cars became so valuable to the military for use in transporting troops from one side of the city to the other that for days and even weeks at a time the public walked or got along as best it could. When the service was resumed only about half the usual number of cars would be given the public, while scores of empty cars were set off at every side street for the special use of some officer.

During these six weeks the city was without the regular water supply, as the Zapatistas controlled Xochimilco, where the source of supply is located. The only water obtainable in the city came from wells and reservoirs and from a small supply at Chapultepec Castle. Sanitation was almost out of the question, sewers became choked and disease increased on every side. All of these troubles arose because of the inability of Gen. Obregon and his so-called powerful army to occupy and hold a small suburban town.

The gas company of Mexico city closed down, being unable to procure oil from the coast country. Each additional day saw more business houses, factories, mines, industrial concerns, &c., close their doors, throwing thousands and thousands of the better working and middle classes onto the streets without means of livelihood.

About this time the International committee was formed, being composed of representatives from each foreign colony. This committee is still in existence to-day, working very hard not only for the interests of foreigners but also for the interests of Mexico and Mexicans.

Foodstuffs consigned to Mexico city by the American Red Cross were not permitted to reach there; foodstuffs available in the country surrounding the capital rarely reached the new starving people in the city unless bribes were paid the officials for permitting it to come in, and finally even this means of obtaining food supplies was not only withdrawn from the few merchants who still endeavored to buy and sell, but also from the International Benevolent Committee, composed of foreigners who were dedicating their time and their money to feeding the starving Mexican people as best they could.

The scarcity of food has brought misery not only to the people but to dogs and horses, which have died by thousands during the past six months.

On July 1 Charles J. O'Connor, in charge of American Red Cross relief work in Mexico, arrived in the city and began preparations to assist the starving thousands in the shortest possible time. In spite of his efforts and those of the International committee it was found impossible to procure through Vera Cruz supplies that were expected to reach him from the United States. It was also impossible to obtain from the surrounding country any food. Finally a large amount of food supplies was discovered hidden in the city and after considerable effort an agreement was arrived at with the owner of this stock and the supplies passed into the hands of the American Red Cross.